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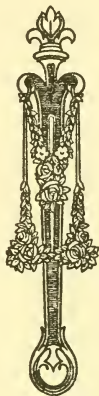






# A LOT O' LOVIN'

(POEMS)



By

CHAUNCEY ROSCOE PIETY

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No. 1.

DEDICATED  
TO MY  
FATHER *and* MOTHER



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## A LOT O' LOVIN'.

When a little teensy baby comes in a home to stay,  
All the grown-ups bow before it in a tender sort o'  
way,  
With its purity so winsome, it is a joy and light,  
And the parents, mind and spirit, are wrapped up in  
the mite.  
Sturdily they guard the treasure and give it best o'  
care,  
And caress and love and fondle and bless it every-  
where.  
E'en the neighbors love and kiss it, as though that  
were the style,  
But it takes a lot o' lovin' to make a life worth while.

When the baby grows to boyhood, or girlhood it may  
be,  
There appears a precious darling that romps and  
laughs with glee;  
Having wit as quick as lightning, and lovely eyes that  
shine,  
And a voice chock full o' sweetness that seems almost  
divine.  
Every parent loves the youngster, and wonders what  
he'll do  
In the years that yet are waiting with tasks all hid from  
view.  
Yes, we love and try to guide him from the dangers  
that beguile,  
And it takes a lot o' lovin' to make a life worth while.

Then there come the youth and maiden along life's  
happy road;  
Hardly have they known a sorrow or borne a heavy  
load;  
But of parents in the shadow they are the joy and  
pride,  
For their love o' them is dearer than anything beside.  
And the youth and maid are lovers of a vig'rous type  
and pure,  
Who are courting, cooing, planning to make that love  
endure;  
And there follow Cupid kisses and many a blush and  
smile,  
But it takes a lot of lovin' to make two lives worth  
while.

Many people are not living, but merely do exist,  
In the way of greed and lusting they will stubbornly  
persist,  
"Beauty, music, love and ethics are vague and vain,"  
they say,  
"Spirit gold is nought but fancy, and nothing will it  
pay."  
Rise, O men, and look about you on the earth and  
sea and sky;  
There is beauty, there is music, and lives of gold  
nearby.  
Love, and love will be your blessing upon life's every  
mile,  
But it takes a lot o' lovin' to make a life worth while.

## BROTHERHOOD.

There's a word of matchless meaning we should publish round the world—

Brotherhood;

It would grace the greatest banner that has ever been unfurled—

Brotherhood;

'Tis a motto from our Father for his children here below;

Through the church it sweetly echoes while the ages come and go;

Hear, O man, and spread the tidings till the entire race shall know—

Brotherhood.

Send the slogan gayly ringing through the homes of ev'ry land—

Brotherhood;

Sing it in the humble cottage, shout it in the mansion grand—

Brotherhood;

Sing it, shout it, send it flying through our troubled social life

Where that greed and lust are preying, and where hate and pride are rife;

It is Heaven's holy concord to supplant our human strife—

Brotherhood.

Bear this word of mighty import all the world of business through—

Brotherhood;

Take it to the big employers, and the labor unions too—

Brotherhood;

Teach it to the avaricious that are grasping after gain, All whose gold, when it is gotten, wears a loathsome

bloody stain;

It will make the rich man happy, and remove the poor man's chain—

Brotherhood.

Cry aloud to ruled and rulers the sweet signal of good  
cheer—

Brotherhood;  
Preach it to the whole creation, till all nations pause  
and hear—

Brotherhood;  
We will banish war forever from the land and from  
the sea,  
And the countries all shall prosper, and the people  
all be free,  
When mankind shall dwell together in this bond of  
unity—

Brotherhood.

## AT LINCOLN'S GRAVE.

I stood and mused by Lincoln's grave;  
'Twas on Memorial Day,  
And up the hill a former slave  
Did slowly wend his way.

The man was old and feeble quite,  
But black as black could be,  
Except his head was snowy white;  
And on a cane leaned he.

And by him walked a boy of nine,  
A grandchild, so he said,  
Who bore a wreath of roses fine  
As tribute to the dead.

They paused beside the iron bars  
That guard the vault of death,  
And hung on them the pretty flowers  
With sweetly scented breath.

Then passing 'round the monument  
Where Lincoln's statue is,  
He told the boy just what it meant  
In that quaint way of his.

And when he bowed his hoary head,  
And whispered o'er a prayer,  
It seemed as though that statue dread  
Was bowing down up there.

And soon my tears were welling fast,  
And I was praying too;  
For all my soul was overcast  
By this great lesson true!

The path of glory Lincoln trod  
Was service and true love;  
While helping man he held to God,  
Who lifted him above.

## A SONG TO THE SANGAMON.

Silvery Sangamon,  
Moving in majesty  
Through the rich prairies of fair Illinois;  
Nature hath honor done,  
Lining thee royally  
With her green grasses and blossoms of joy.

Marked is thy courtesy,  
Striving not, brawling not,  
Wending thy busy way earnestly on;  
Peacefully passing by  
Mansion and farmer's cot,  
Solemn in shadow and smiling in sun.

Great is thy usefulness,  
Bearing the water back  
When overflowing it threatens the grain;  
Bringing thy boon to us,  
Giving what cities lack—  
Blessing of Heaven, we bless thee again.

Historic Sangamon,  
River that Lincoln knew,  
We and our works are passing away;  
Still thou art flowing on,  
Doing thy duty true,  
Blessing old Illinois day after day.

*[Reprinted through courtesy of Munsey's Magazine.]*

## THE MAN IN OVER-ALLS.

Awake, my Muse, we shall proclaim  
A hero long unknown to fame,  
But one who merits honored place  
Among immortals of the race—  
The Man in Over-Alls.

Who is it makes our homes and roads,  
And carries all our crushing loads?  
On smoking train or steamer tossed,  
Who find we working at his post?  
The Man in Over-Alls.

In factory dirt and foundry heat  
Who lays his life at Labor's feet,  
And bids her use it as she will  
To turn the old world's might mill?  
The Man in Over-Alls.

Down in the mines so dark and dank  
Who works away with scarce a thank?  
Who on the farm produces food  
To feed the hungry multitude?  
The Man in Over-Alls.

When armies meet in deadly strife  
No braver soldier gives his life.  
In private walk and public trust  
He proves him faithful, true, and just—  
The Man in Over-Alls.

## SPRING LOVE.

'Tis spring, 'tis spring,  
The songbirds sing,  
Singing of love  
In the greenwood grove  
On the hills of Hoosier Kentucky.

The wild-flowers bloom,  
Dispelling gloom,  
Blooming for love  
Where'er I rove  
O'er the hills of Hoosier Kentucky.

I pause and dream  
By Turman's stream,  
Dreaming of love  
Like a brooding dove  
'Mong the hills of Hoosier Kentucky.

But there's a cot  
I've not forgot,  
Holding the love  
I'm dreaming of.  
Yes, a cot in Hoosier Kentucky.

## EVOLUTION OF LOVE.

The glad girl so vivacious and sweet,  
And as pure as a lily of white,  
Had thought that her love was complete  
As she promised her suitor that night.

But when they were wed and alone,  
And her husband had pressed her fair form  
To his heart as a wife, love had grown  
Like a flower in full bloom from the corm.

And when came a dear helpless wee thing  
With a cry its young mother to greet,  
It seemed that she heard angels sing,  
And her love and her joy were complete.

## BABY'S WAKING.

Mamma, watch the covers there,  
See them moving, I declare!  
What is in that baby bed?  
Papa's wee sweet sleepy-head?  
Oh no, oh no, see those eyes,  
Blue and bright as summer skies!  
You want Papa to take you?  
Give me hands, ah, sure you do.  
Now! are you your Papa's child?  
Looked like Mamma when you smiled!  
Yes, she's Papa's playmate,  
Pretty, pretty playmate;  
Just a little lady,  
Lovely little lady,  
Little laughing lady,  
Lovely laughing lady,  
Papa's lady-love,  
Mamma's darling-dove,  
Blue-eyed star,  
Yes, you are!  
Mamma wants to get her!  
No, we will not let her!

Say, you merry mischief you,  
What is in those eyes of blue?  
Have you come from Fairyland?  
Tell me 'bout the fairy band;  
Just how many have you seen?  
You must be the fairy queen!  
Come to bless us, I suppose—  
Richer blessings no one knows:  
Holy, humble, blithe, and gay,  
Cheering us along life's way.  
Yes, she's Papa's playmate,  
Pretty, pretty playmate;  
Just a little lady,  
Lovely little lady,  
Little laughing lady,  
Lovely laughing lady,  
Papa's lady-love,

Mamma's darling-dove,  
Blue-eyed star,  
Yes, you are!  
Mamma wants to get her!  
No, we will not let her!

"Jabber, jabber," you talk young;  
That must be the fairy tongue  
Which they speak among themselves.  
Did you learn it from the elves?  
You old giggling, tow-head girl,  
Tell me why that hair won't curl.  
There; another tooth is through;  
Want some dinner? Bet you do!  
Yes, she's Papa's playmate,  
Pretty, pretty playmate,  
Just a little lady,  
Lovely little lady,  
Little laughing lady,  
Lovely laughing lady,  
Papa's lady-love,  
Mamma's darling-dove,  
Blue-eyed star,  
Yes, you are!  
Mamma, guess you need her,  
You may take and feed her.

## THE CHILD AND THE STARS.

I taught my little four-year-old  
To know the stars with me;  
I took her to my sky-room oft,  
And held her on my knee,

And pointed out God's Dipper bright,  
And Swan, and "Teddy" Bear;  
Also the Crown of little stars,  
The one like angels wear.

Her laugh was music to my ears;  
To please her more I moved  
The telescope to Viga's face,  
Bright Viga that she loved:

"God's home is beautiful," said she,  
"I'd love to live up there;  
I want to be on Viga though,  
I told him in my prayer."

I hugged my little daughter close  
And kissed her snow-white brow,  
And said, "You may go some time dear,  
But Father wants you now."

Oh, God, she's gone; her body rests  
Beneath the stars tonight;  
Oh, shall it be in Thy good time  
We'll meet on Viga bright?

## THE POWER OF SUGGESTION.

It was ten within the court-room,  
And the clock upon the wall  
Had proclaimed its dreadful message,  
And the courtiers heard it all.

Henry took the hand of Edna  
Just to say a calm good-bye;  
But he somehow was attracted  
By the twinkle in her eye;

And he whispered, "Let me kiss you,"  
Edna, blushing, shook her head;  
"Why?" gasped Henry, blushing also;  
"Folks might see us now," she said.

Then they stood and talked as lowly,  
Still a-holding hands, you know,  
Feasting on Love's smiles and blushes  
For a half an hour or so.

Edna sweetly said to Henry,  
"Guess nobody is around;"  
I can never tell what happened,  
But you should have heard the sound!

## THE OLE GREY-HEADED MAN.

Some one wuz in our pantry  
A-eatin' pie an' cake,  
An' Ma ist scolded awful,  
An' it wuz me an' Jake;  
But we ist won't confess,  
An' Ma she said she guess  
Tuz the Ole Grey-Headed Man.

An' Jake an' me wuz fightin'  
Wiv pillers on the bed,  
An' when I went to hit 'im,  
I braked a vase instead;  
But we don't never tell,  
An' our Ma said, "Ah, well,  
Tuz the Ole Grey-Headed Man."

An' wunst when we wuz flyin'  
On top the chicken house,  
Jake braked her umberella,  
An' nen ist like a mouse,  
He slipped it back, you know,  
An' Ma wuz mad, my oh!  
At the Ole Grey-Headed Man.

An' wunst Pa put a melon  
Out in the water trough,  
An' Jake an' me espied it,  
An' went and tuck it off,  
An' Pa asked, "Who done that?"  
An' we boff said we bet  
Tuz the Ole Grey-Headed Man.

Nen Pa he got a hick'ry,  
An' we commenced to cry;  
An' he said he surspected  
'At we wuz that 'air guy;  
An' nen we promised him  
We never will again  
Be the Ole Grey-Headed Man.

*[Reprinted through courtesy of the Rhodeheaver Co.]*

## AN EVENING SONG.

I am drifting down the stream  
Where the moonbeams gently gleam,  
And mosquito banjoes ring  
With a ting, a-ting, a-ting,  
Very near;  
And the orchestra of evening  
With the weirdest music heaving  
Greets my ear.

Here the silv'ry beams of night  
Fleck the water with their light  
While the frogs of ev'ry size  
Train their trombones on the skies  
With a vim;  
And the whippoorwill with passion  
In a most bewitching fashion  
Sings an hymn.

And I sit and wonder why  
This mysterious melody;  
But perchance 'tis praise and prayer,  
For a blue crane over there  
Shouts, "Amen;"  
And the dappled waters glisten  
As I bow my head and listen  
Once again.

## MY ONLY WISH.

(A reply to Edgar A. Guest's poem, "A Wish.")

I love to dream of childhood time, when I was free  
as wildwood thyme;

With Mem'ry hand in hand I tread the hills and  
dales once more;

I wear a common shirt of blue and over-alls all dirty,  
too,

And on my feet no sign of shoe, and hatless as  
before;

With Rover and my line and hook I fish along the  
Stinely brook,

Or take my ease upon a bank where wild straw-  
berries grow;

Then wander home at supper time to meal that seems  
from upper clime,

And sit with loved ones round the board as in the  
long ago.

I love to dream of youth again, and all my joy in  
truth again,

And thank God for the heaping measure he has  
given me;

I fancy I'm in school again, rejoice to break the rule  
again,

And then I fall in love again with pretty Kate  
Magee;

I give her apples sweet sometimes, and write her notes  
complete with rhymes,

And Katie, blushing, smiles her love just as she  
used to do.

Oh yes, I keep on wooing her, for it is joy pursuing  
her—

She says that it was joy to her—now both are  
happy too.

I love to dream of joyful days, of childhood time and  
youthful ways;

But could I choose, I would not tread the blessed  
path again;

I only wish I might recall the hours when I made  
Right to fall,  
And live them o'er with conscience clear, nor leave  
a single stain;  
But God gives gladness all the time, and every day  
I call sublime,  
And with His kindly aid I hope to reap abundant  
store  
To tide me through the weary hours, and cheer me  
in the dreary hours,  
And have a fund of joy to give and keep forever-  
more.

## GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Now honor we the gallant Washington,  
For sturdily he strove with angry Fate,  
And safely launched our splendid Ship of State.  
Yea, when the battle smoke beclouded sun  
He led the dangerous charge and vict'ry won.  
With marv'lous tact he made the little great,  
And proved himself a mighty man innate  
With life unsullied still when tasks were done.

Though worthy of these honors we bestow,  
They cannot benefit heroic dead;  
We bring them then as ideal seed to sow  
In humble hearts of boys and girls instead,  
That they in nobleness may rise and grow,  
The greatest race Old Glory ever led.

## DISCOVERING LINCOLN'S HOME.

(As Told to a Boy.)

Walking eastward down on Jackson,  
Seeing Springfield, Illinois,  
There I came upon a dwelling,  
Just a common frame, my boy.

'Twas a plain, two-story building  
Like the others in the row,  
And I paid it small attention,  
Nearly passing by, you know.

But there on a pole beside it,  
Flapping proudly in the breeze,  
I beheld a starry banner,  
And a cannon 'neath the trees.

So I stopped to look a moment,  
Wondering what those things could mean,  
When I caught the name of LINCOLN  
On a tablet by the screen!

That was once the Lincoln homestead!  
How my being thrilled with awe  
As I gazed upon the structure  
Which before I hardly saw!

He had lived there when a lawyer  
Ere he went to Washington;  
That explained the starry banner,  
And the ugly cannon gun.

For the sovereign state is keeping  
That old building in repair,  
And some relatives of Lincoln  
Are at present living there.

Yes, they let me in to see it,  
And I passed from room to room,  
Thinking how Abe Lincoln's glory  
Still survives the darksome tomb.

No, my boy, it isn't riches  
That will make a fellow great,  
Nor a college education,  
Nor a predetermined fate;

But a heart for honest service,  
And the brain and brawn to toil;  
These things made the mighty Lincoln,  
And will make you . . . Give them trial.

## DECISIVE BATTLES.

Great is the list,  
As men insist,  
Of decisive battles fought;  
On many a field  
With sword and shield  
Courageous ones have wrought,  
And red Waterloo,  
And Gettysburg too  
Were prizes dearly bought.  
But through the years  
A battle appears  
Greater by far than these;  
'Twas fought and won  
By God's dear Son  
In the garden on His knees.  
This hero so great  
Has ne'er a mate  
On all the land or seas.  
And those who win  
In the strife with sin  
Must fight like Him alone;  
And every soul  
Learn self-control,  
Praying, "Thy will be done;"  
For the glory track  
Which turns not back  
Leads up to Heaven's throne.

## DAN CUPID.

Dan Cupid is a little mite,  
But folks sez he goes out at night  
And shoots around wiv these here darts,  
An' sends 'em straight through lovers' hearts.  
Pa says his arm is pow'rful strong,  
An' makes 'em darts ist whiz along,  
If beaux and girls agin to kiss;  
But tother night lze watchin' Sis'  
An' Herman Clark a-through a crack,  
And they ist maked their moufs go smack,  
And Cupid didn't shoot a bit.  
Least ways his ole darts didn't hit;  
'Cause Sis' an' Herm' ist set and smile,  
An' kiss agin nen after while.

## THE SONG OF THE SUBURBANITE.

Along the outer edge of things,  
Of the town and country-side,  
I own a house and lot, by jings,  
And there's where I abide.  
While one man lauds the avenue,  
And one his fertile farm,  
I wink both eyes and look goo-goo,  
And take each by the arm;  
I've got the best of both in one,  
And neither seems to see;  
But there's no spot beneath the sun  
Like my suburb home to me.

## APRIL'S WOODLAND.

I wandered through a woodland fair  
Upon an April's day;  
That Nature's garb was grand or rare  
Is not enough to say.

The earth was gowned in velvet green,  
The sky in silk so blue;  
The sun wore mail of golden sheen,  
And seemed a-wooing too.

He kissed the wildflowers, little fays,  
That dwell in glade and glen;  
They danced about with pretty rays,  
And perfume proffered him.

He lavished gold on stream and lake;  
The wavelets gleamed with glee,  
And vapor gave with which to make  
Some cloudlets fair and free.

He smiled on song-birds, and they sang,  
With all their might and main,  
And hill and vale and wildwood rang  
With the sweet ecstatic strain.

He caused the stately forest kings  
To put on togg'ry proud,  
And all the wary woodland things  
To laugh and talk out loud;

The breeze their messenger they made  
To bear the news so gay,  
And o'er the hill and through the glade  
He rushed the livelong day.

Oh pretty scenes that ne'er knew paints,  
Oh poetry unpenned,  
And sweet songs sung by woodland saints,  
Ye are God's gifts unfeigned.

## FISHING.

I am fishing beyond the barn  
In the slough that the Wabash fills  
When the rains from the plains and hills  
Overspread  
Its bed,  
And make of the forest a tarn.

I am barefoot and hatless too,  
And I hold a cotton-wood pole,  
And a string on the thing takes toll  
Of the bass  
That pass;  
For my hook is both sharp and new.

Yes, I throw out my line once more,  
And with eye on the cork I wait  
With delight as they bite my bait;  
Then "Swish!"  
Comes the fish,  
And I dance for joy on the shore.

'Tis the joy that my boyhood reaped,  
And I've stored it in mem'ry's bin  
Just to lift and to sift again;  
And I smile  
The while,  
For youth into age has crept.

## AUTUMN.

When the forest takes the rainbow for the girdle of  
her gown,  
And persimmons, nuts and paw-paws from her hands  
are dropping down;  
When the golden-rod and boneset bloom in all the  
roadside nooks,  
And the school-bell every morning calls the children  
to their books,  
There's a thrill and inspiration in the very life of  
things  
That no matter what you call it there's no time but  
Autumn brings.

Then you hear the kind of music that you love to  
listen to;  
All the feathered choirs assemble just to sing their  
songs for you,  
And the pigs and sheep at evening and the cow-bell  
down the lane,  
And the poultry in the barn-yard join the glorious  
refrain;  
Oh I know it isn't classic like your orchestra or band,  
Yet no other time but Autumn puts anything so  
grand.

Then the whole immense creation in the rosy light of  
dawn  
Is a gallery of pictures for the eye to feast upon;  
No, I cannot name 'em over for 'twould take too long  
to do,  
And you'll never 'preciate 'em till you've been and  
seen 'em too;  
But there's nothing on the canvas that will satisfy  
me so  
As these really truly pictures which old Autumn has  
to show.

Farmers have their fields in order for to sow their  
wheat and rye,  
And the corn-crop must be gathered in the early by  
and by;  
They are filling up the cellars with potatoes, apples,  
pears,  
And the rows of canned-up-sweet-things which the  
women claim as theirs;  
Yes, it starts my mouth to water, and I needn't write  
the rest,  
But I'm sure of all the seasons that our God loves  
Autumn best.

## WINTER.

Out of the caves of ice and snow,  
Over the paves of the Esquimau,  
Stealthily creeping  
While we are sleeping,  
Silently setting  
Silvery netting  
On every hill, with banners unfurled  
Winter with skill besieges our world.

Howe'er we fight and fret and toil,  
The net draws tight, encircling spoil.  
Fruits that are luscious,  
Vegetables precious,  
Flowers of rare fragrance,  
Domestics and vagrants  
He crushes to death and leaves on the sand;  
And frights with his breath the birds from the land.

Then in his wrath with arrows of sleet  
Pursues he the path to ruin complete,  
Shrieking and yelling,  
Storming the dwelling  
Of beast and mortal,  
Icing the portal,  
Fiercely he sneers and dares life out;  
And loudly he jeers and howls about.

But it would seem that in the night  
He has a dream of peace and right;  
Quickly relenting,  
Meekly repenting,  
Softly and lightly,  
Ever so whitely  
With banner of truce he covers our woe;  
And him we excuse and thank for the snow.

## SNOW-BALLING.

Our new school teacher boards with Ma,  
An' she won't let ye snow-ball—law!  
An' tother day she licked me too,  
'Cause I snow-balled that Nellie Blue;  
But I sez, "Now whin she comes home  
She's not a-goin' to lick me none,  
An' nen I'll have my vingeance too:  
I'll snow-ball her, that's what I'll do."  
An' so I hid till she come in,  
An' jist made snow-balls fly like sin;  
But she set out an' chased me down,  
An' washed my face and scoured aroun'  
Until my hide's put nigh all off,  
An' nen she maked me say "Enough;"  
An' I went right an' told my Pa,  
But he jist laft and sez, "Ha, ha!"  
But bet I figger out a way  
To pay her back some other day.

## MY BRIDE.

Thou art pure as a pearly snow-flake  
Wafted down from the wintry sky,  
And clearer than sunkissed dew-drop  
Is the light of thy merry blue eye.

Thy face is more fair than the rose  
That blesses the balmy June breeze,  
And lovelier thy form than a nymph  
Of far away enchanted seas.

Thou art trustful, confiding, and true  
To me so unworthy and weak,  
And thy manners magnetic with love  
Betoken the blessings I seek.

But here at the altar, my Bride,  
I tremble to take thy dear hand,  
For much that the future doth hold  
Thou canst not as yet understand.

Oh, God, thou hast given this soul,  
And I pray that it ne'er shall know stain;  
And help us to so live and love  
That our living shall not be in vain.

## TO MY WIFE.

The poets honor the maiden fair,  
And the bride with roses in her hair;  
But prone somehow are they to forget  
That the patient wife loves praises yet.  
I see my mate as she used to be  
When only a happy girl and free;  
And then, the beautiful white veiled bride,  
When we were young, standing at my side.

But now she is Mother, housekeeper, wife;  
And the love she plighted is proved in life;  
Day after day 'tis the same routine;  
She trains the children, and keeps them clean,  
And feeds the baby at her breast,  
Washes, mends, and cooks for the rest;  
And every night with a kiss and prayer  
She commits each one to Jehovah's care.

Yes, I loved the girl and loved the bride;  
But more I love the wife at my side.  
She's endeared to me by the fleeting years,  
By all our pleasure, toil, and tears,  
By the matchless charm of a love proved true,  
And the lovely children about us too;  
So I laud a loyal and faithful wife,  
Praying God to bless and prolong her life.

## JAKE GRIMES.

Jake Grimes is awf'lest man to swear,  
And t'other day he come up here,  
And Pa don't 'low no swearin' round;  
But he was in our yard a-coming through,  
An' our ole Bull-dog spied 'im too,  
An' he is streaked it cross the ground.

An' Jake he seen ole Rove an' run,  
An' nen I heerd some swearin' done;  
For he climbed up a peach-tree there,  
And Rover ranted round like wild,  
An' Jake I guess was awful riled,  
'Cause my but he did cuss and swear!

An' Pa he heerd 'em from the shed,  
An' hollered out to Rove and said  
For him to go lay by the door;  
An' nen he tole Jake Grimes, you know,  
'At's what he got for swearin' so,  
An' next time Rove 'ud get 'im shore.

## A BOY'S WORK.

Many men ignore the boy—  
Say his life is full of joy,  
And forget he has to work  
Harder than a heathen Turk.

I was once a boy, you know,  
In the dear days long ago;  
And if anybody asks,  
I can recollect some tasks:

Had to turn the grindstone, say!  
While my Pa or some hired jay  
Leaned upon a scythe or ax  
Till I melted into wax!

Every morning went to get  
Cows and horses through the wet;  
Scared them up and warmed my feet  
In the beds that they gave heat.

And with hoe I had to hew  
Mullein, thistles, burdock, too,  
Till I'd tumble down and rest,  
Wond'ring why God made such pests!

Then each week it came my turn,  
Staying round to help Ma churn;  
And to mind the baby, John,  
While she got the washing done.

Always carried in the wood,  
Dried the dishes like boys should  
When their Ma has got no girl—  
Yes, you bet I made things whirl!

So when some is faulting boys  
And recounting all their joys,  
I would just remind them then  
Some boys work as hard as men.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

I sing of him who up from slavery came.  
    Though cradled low in ignorance and poverty,  
He grew, and when his godlike powers were free  
    Ambition fanned them to a sacred flame,  
That he might rise and rid his race of shame;  
    So trampling thorns of prejudice and hate  
He seized the diamond pen from stubborn fate,  
    And wrote therewith a glowing, deathless name.

He was a Moses of the modern mold,  
    Who strove to lead his race to Canaan's land  
Of knowledge, power, and wealth surpassing gold,  
    And leading fell on Pisgah's mountain grand;  
But millions whom his mighty life made bold  
    Shall press the fight and reach the goal he planned.

## HUMANITY IS ONE.

Humanity is one, and every man a brother  
Who cannot live to self, but helps or harms another.

Humanity is one, and he who skyward rushes  
Will fall to pits of gloom, if some weak soul he crushes.

Humanity is one, and he who wins the battle  
Will help the wounded men, in spite of roar and rattle.

Humanity is one, and God above is Father;  
And those who honor Him must live for one another.

## THE HERMIT AND THE LOVER.

The Hermit said, "I will hide away,  
And worship my Lord both night and day;  
In a humble shanty will I dwell  
Afar from men in the mad world's hell;  
I'll be so faithful and free from sin  
That a jeweled crown at last I'll win."

The Lover of Men went out in the throng,  
And lived a life as sweet as a song;  
He helped the weak and the weary to rise,  
And told them of mansions in the skies;  
Their hearts were touched by his hand of love,  
And they took the way to Heaven above.

The Hermit Saint and the Lover stood  
Before the throne of the mighty God!  
To the first He said, "Depart this day,  
For I was in need, and you hid away!"  
And then from His throne the Lord came down,  
And gave the Lover a jeweled crown.

*[Reprinted through courtesy of the Rhodeheaver Co.]*

## HUNTIN' EGGS.

Last summer when tuz nice an' warm  
I went across to our big barn,  
An' they's some hens laid under there—  
Way back where Pa an' Ma can't get;  
But I sez I can go to where  
Them eggs is at back there, I bet.

An' so I hunker down an' crawl  
To where's a grea' big sill an' all  
Wite so I can't get under it;  
But nen I claws some dirt away,  
An' put my head through just a bit,  
But seemed to me tuz there to stay.

When I pulled back it ketched my ears,  
An' made me shed some angry tears,  
An' kick an' call fer Ma to come;  
But she don't hear, so last I got  
My head back through, an' nen went home,  
An' left 'em onry eggs to rot.

## CHAUTAUQUA.

Chautauqua is a great big word,  
At first 'twas hard to say;  
But now we have the hang of it,  
And speak it every day.

It's proving welcome far and near  
To old and young alike;  
And when the canvas tent is spread  
The people throng the pike.

They leave their toil and care behind  
To feast on wholesome fun,  
And drink the music's sweetness in,  
And hear great speaking done.

And when Chautauqua season's o'er  
The folks are all made new;  
Their blues are gone, the weak are strong,  
And work seems easy, too.

They lift the load of life again,  
And bear it on with grace;  
Their spirits climb and visions lead  
To an exalted place.

## SIDE BY SIDE.

They sat side by side in the moonlight,  
A youth and a maiden coy;  
Ofttimes they had spent hours together,  
But ne'er had they known such joy;  
The maid to the youth was a fairy,  
The youth to the maid a king;  
Each thrilled with love's current electric  
As he placed the engagement ring.

They knelt side by side at the altar,  
A bridegroom and bride most fair;  
The chapel was thronged with their kinfolk,  
And roses perfumed the air;  
He vowed he would be her true husband;  
She promised to be his wife;  
The pastor pronounced them united,  
And wished them a long, happy life.

They walked side by side down life's pathway,  
A father and mother true;  
And each bore a share of the burdens,  
And loved the longest days through.  
Their joy was supreme in their children,  
Their thoughts of good things to come;  
Their dwelling, though humble, was happy,  
And truly a "home, sweet home."

They sat side by side near the hearthstone,  
A grandpa and grandma gray;  
And watched their own grandchildren playing—  
As fair as the new-born day.  
They thought of the past with its pleasures,  
And labor and care and pain;  
But love they had sown in life's springtime  
Had ripened in golden grain.

## A BOY'S GRIEF.

I'm mad and sad,  
And can't get glad,  
And I don't know what to do;  
They won't give me a thing I want,  
And Papa spanked me too!

I'd run away  
This very day,  
But I don't know where to go  
To keep the cops that watch around  
From bringing me back, you know.

I wish I'd die,  
And the folks 'ud cry  
A month or more for me;  
If I knew it wouldn't hurt too bad,  
I'd hang myself to a tree.

Hurrah! hurrah!  
There comes Grandpa;  
He's brought me a brand new sled;  
It's better to be alive, I guess,  
Than just forever dead.

## MY DREAM.

Would you hear my recent dream?  
I was riding on a stream,  
And my row-boat ran a-ground;  
So I stood to look around,  
And behold! the waters there  
Teemed with serpents far and near.  
Some were large and some were small;  
But they hissed and sputtered all,  
Writhing, wriggling in the water,  
Rolling, rising in their anger—  
Slimy, squirming, seething devils,  
Forked tongued, portending evils;  
And I fought them with my oar,  
But they came a million more,  
And in spite of all my mauling  
In my boat the beasts were crawling—  
I could feel them coldly creeping up each shin—  
What infernal hellish horror I was in!  
But there was no help in sight,  
And the fiends began to bite;  
All the horde of hungry things  
Tore my flesh with venomed fangs;  
And I screamed and kicked with fury,  
But my good wife in a hurry  
Woke me up.

## PREPARATION.

Just remember what I say,  
One thing alluz shore to pay;  
Matters not what work you do,  
You need it to pull you through—  
Preparation.

Wunst my auto wouldn't go,  
And I worked an hour or so—  
Young machinist made 'er hum  
In ten seconds when he'd come—  
Preparation.

When the lights at church went out  
They wuz lots uv folks about,  
But the janitor hed gone;  
And no one could turn 'em on—  
Preparation.

Here's a man that sought a job,  
But he couldn't turn the nob;  
'Nother feller come along,  
Got the work just like a song—  
Preparation.

There's the sergen with his knife.  
He knows how to spare the life  
While he makes a sort o' gash,  
And gets out the patient's cash—  
Preparation.

Heerd a brass band tother day.  
Simply grand how they could play;  
But they's plenty folks I know  
Couldn't make a band horn blow—  
Preparation.

Just you watch the orator  
Hold the audience in his pow'r  
While they weep and laugh and think;  
You can tell it quick as wink—  
Preparation.

Yes, an' I'm quite sure I've read  
Sommers 'at the Saviour said,  
"Folks as go through Heaven's gate  
Haf to clean up sure as fate"—  
Preparation.

## OUR BABY.

"I'm Mamma's teet darlin' an' Papa's dood boy,"  
Comes now from our baby, Love's sweetest envoy,  
As he bounds from his playthings in rapturous glee  
To tell this dear message to Mamma and me.

His cheeks are tinged rosy, his sweet lips are red,  
His teeth are like pearls, and all curly his head;  
He has laughing blue eyes and complexion most fair,  
And dear little voice—our own jewel so rare.

My heart is o'erfilled by a glimpse of his face;  
I clasp the wee man in a tender embrace;  
And God only can measure the blessings that flow  
From his innocent soul with its lovelight aglow.

Dear Lord, take our thanks and spare him through  
manhood,  
And help us to train him up useful and good;  
And may this same thought ever sweeten his joy:  
He's Mamma's sweet darling and Papa's good boy.

## THE PRESENT.

Said Katie Magee,  
"John is coming, I see;  
He's a man of true worth,  
None better on earth;  
But you know I feel queer,  
It has just been a year  
Since first that we met,  
And I cannot forget  
The love he has shown  
When we were alone.  
And last he was here  
He promised, oh dear!  
A present to bring;  
And I'll bet it's a ring.

Hello, John, come in;  
Oh, there is a pin  
Point toward me, I vow!  
That means good luck now.  
Here's the settee;  
Will you share it with me?  
I've been thinking of you;  
Yes, a great deal, too.  
I get lonesome, you know,  
Ere a long week can go.  
That present you've brought!  
I supposed you'd forgot.  
You don't know the size!  
Why, John, you surprise—  
My finger to fit!  
You excite me a bit.  
"'Tis silver," you say?  
Sure, that is O. K.  
"A thimble," oh, quick!  
Call Mother, I'm sick!"

## BEFORE AND AFTER.

Before they were wed  
The maid, it is said,  
Adored a lock of his hair;  
But when they were married  
The maid never tarried  
Till the top of his head was bare.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT WHOSE  
MOTHER WAS DEAD.

Baby lying cold and still,  
It is not thy Father's will  
That thou e'er shouldst perish;  
But with the Christ above,  
Where all is light and love,  
Holy angels cherish  
Thy sweet and sinless soul,  
And shall while ages roll.

Safe art thou forever,  
Gone to be with mother  
Where she shall caress thee,  
And the Saviour bless thee;  
And with the hosts of glory  
Thou'lt greet us by and by.

## THE CHRIST.

The loving Christ is All in all,  
The prophets' Dream,  
The gospel Theme,  
The One who did not sin and fall.

He is the Center of all things  
In history,  
And e'er shall be;  
For through Him live both men and kings.

And when our earthly houses fall  
He is our Hope  
The skies to ope;  
The loving Christ is All in all.

## THE RESURRECTION.

Retreating rays of evening's crimson sun  
Had kissed the body of the thorn-crowned One,  
And his disciples bore it sadly to the tomb;  
Then came the night of ruthless grief and gloom.

Meantime the Jews with Pilate spake, "This man  
While living taught that He would rise again;  
Give us, therefore, a guard the grave to seal,  
And watch till morn, lest his disciples steal  
His corpse and say He lives and make Him God."  
The Gov'nor gave assent, and soldiers stood  
About the tomb. A million silver stars  
Looked on that scene with eyes brimful of tears;  
The frost crept silently o'er hill and vale;  
The moonbeams glistened on the Roman mail,  
And lit the seal of Caesar on the stone,  
And all was silent save the guard alone.  
A soldier spoke, "How vain to place us here,  
His poor and frightened friends will not appear,  
And we expose ourselves to damp and chill;  
Why watch the dead?" Then came a piercing thrill;  
Celestial glory flooded all the dome of night;  
And suddenly a dazzling flame of light  
Shot forth toward the tomb—one friend alone,  
Who feared not guard nor seal, rolled back the stone,  
And sat upon it, peering keenly round  
While Rome's brave soldiers fell upon the ground,  
And Christ in His transcendent glory rose,  
Eternal Victor over death and foes.

## THE SUN AND THE SOUL.

The sun is sinking in the west  
Among the clouds of golden light;  
The death of Day is drawing near,  
The Dark which men call night.

The sun shall rise tomorrow morn  
To grace a greater, grander day;  
And when he shows his smiling face,  
The Dark shall flee away.

A saint of God is sinking low  
Among the laurels he has won;  
And as the somber curtain falls,  
He hears a glad "Well done."

He too shall rise tomorrow morn  
To stand upon the hills of Day;  
For when the Saviour's trumpet sounds,  
Then Death shall flee away.

## THE VICTOR'S PRAYER.

The night o'er old Jerusalem  
Grew dark and darker still,  
When Jesus and His followers  
Went out to Olive's hill.

He knew the maddened mob would come,  
And drag Him back for trial;  
He foreknew all their buffetings,  
And all their mockings vile.

He saw loom up that cruel cross  
Which meant His awful death,  
And as the shadows blacker grew  
He prayed with fevered breath:

"Father, if thou be willing now,  
Remove this cup from me;  
Yet not my will, but Thine be done,"  
He cried in agony.

That pray'r divine the Father heard,  
And gave Him strength anew  
To face His wicked foes and death,  
And overcome them, too.

And every one who prays that pray'r  
From out an honest heart,  
Shall triumph in the war for right  
In spite of Satan's dart.

## LIFE.

(A Reply to Ella Wheeler Wilcox's Poem, "Life.")

All in the dark they grope along  
Who own not Christ divine;  
In ignorance they do the wrong,  
And suffer' sure decline.

But Jesus' light upon a thought  
Reveals the wrong or right;  
To follow Him—forget it not—  
Is to ascend the height.

For Christ alone no error made,  
And this old earth he trod  
To blaze a path through light and shade  
To guide mankind to God.

But Krishna, Buddha, and their kin  
Are heathen heroes old  
Who bear the marks of mortal sin  
Like dross among the gold.

'Tis sad we miss the Saviour's way,  
And waste our strength and time;  
For we should shun the miry clay,  
If we would be sublime.

For He who weighs an hundred fold  
On God's eternal scales,  
Tells all his weight in deeds of gold,  
And nought of dross avails.

## MY HOOSIER KENTUCKY HOME.

Fair Hoosier Kentucky, my childhood's dear home,  
How oft in my fancy thy wild ways I roam;  
Thy green hills e'er glisten with memory's gold,  
And each field and valley a loved spot doth hold.

Slow winding old Turman flows by 'mongst the trees;  
Wild perfume and bird-song float out on the breeze;  
And green waving meadows and grain growing fields  
Give promise to toilers of plenteous yields.

The sun sets in clouds of rare gold in the west,  
And all of God's creatures turn homeward for rest;  
I near the old farm-house, my parents in sight,  
And know a glad welcome awaits me tonight.

## TO MY FATHER.

Dear Father, I am dreaming  
Of blissful bygone days,  
The happy time of boyhood  
When thou didst guide my ways;  
And thou my hero wert,  
Thou didst inspire my heart;  
And to thee, my loving Father,  
This praise I must impart.

Thy labor and protection  
I never can forget,  
And thy earnest admonitions  
Are helpful to me yet;  
I sing this hymn of praise,  
For thou hast blest my ways;  
And may God, my loving Father,  
Prolong and bless thy days.

## TO MY MOTHER.

Dear Mother, my mother,  
I write you a letter,  
For Sunday is Mother's Day;  
However remember  
I love you far better  
Than all of my letters can say.

To you for my being  
My thanks would I render,  
And thanks for your queenly care;  
For when I was helpless,  
My loving defender,  
My guard was your presence and prayer.

And thanks for your counsel,  
Both solemn and cheerful,  
That anchored my restless youth;  
For when the obstacles  
Were making me fearful  
You sighted the triumphs of truth.

I feel your affection  
That sweetly is shining  
Upon my entire career;  
When burdens are heavy  
There is no declining,  
Your love brings me courage and cheer.

Dear Mother, my mother,  
Next Sunday is given  
To honor the mothers of earth;  
But daily I'm praying  
The good God of Heaven  
To honor you for your true worth.

## THE BOX-SUPPER.

(As Told by the Goods-box Historian.)

Well yonder goes that "Spooney Pickle" Sam!  
"Why call Sam Siner such a name as that?"  
I don't so's he can hear me, 'cause Sam gets  
As mad as seven crazy old bob-cats;  
But lots o' folks jist talks among theirselves,  
An' calls him "Spooney Pickle" sence last year  
When they's a box-supper at Siner school.

Sam Siner's been a-courtin' Ethel Stein  
For 'bout three years or more, an' she wuz then  
A-teachin' that air school. Now Ethel's sweet,  
And purty too, an' nice, an' ever-thing—  
At least Sam Siner thinks she is; an' some  
O' these here other bucks as wish 'at Sam  
An' her ud have a fallin' out, so's they  
Might stand some show. Well Ethel drilled the kids  
An' had 'em give a program for the folks  
Afore the boxes sold, an' ever' one  
Pernounced it grand; but the kertastrophee  
Come afterwhile. She had selected Sam  
To auction off the boxes, 'cause he makes  
It sort o' side profession cryin' sales aroun'.  
An' Sam you know wuz hankerin' for the job  
So's he could tell when Ethel's Box come up,  
An' bid it in; and Ethel knowed his mind,  
And fixed her box up fine with carnations  
An' this crap paper; then filled it plum full  
O' chicken, cake, an' pie, an' jell, an' law!  
I guess that it wuz scrumptuous some! Least ways  
Her brother Jim said so. Jim Stein is jist  
Fourteen an' full uv meanness as kin be,  
An' Ethel she asked Jim to bring her box  
To school that night, an' Jim he says he will;  
And then he goes an' takes all her fine grub,  
An' like the smuggler that he is, he crammed  
It in his stummick. Then he sawed some boards,  
An' wrapped 'em neat an' put 'em in the box,  
An' took two spoons an' tied 'em up with nice

Pink baby ribbon, then with toothpicks jined  
Two pickles an' laid them in too; then put  
The cover on exactly like it wuz,  
And took the box to school jist when at Sam's  
Begun the auction, an' gives it to him.  
Then he slides out an' goes to his Aunt Jane's  
To stay all night.

Well, Sam wuz confident  
'At that wuz Ethel's box, and leaves it till  
The middle one to sell, and after some  
Has bid, he starts a-bidden' too, an' all  
The guy says, "Now that's Ethel's box;" but Sam  
Talks like some married woman's fixed it up,  
But still he keeps a-biddin', an' the boys  
Runs it up to five dollars, then they stop  
An' snigger 'mongst theirselves; but Sam  
'Peared satisfied till he seen in that box;  
An' Ethel screams, "Oh, my, that horrid Jim!"  
And ever'body looks an' laughs, an' then  
Ethel begins to cry, an' Sam wuz fightin' mad;  
But nobody ud fight and so they left;  
Director Smith took charge uv things, and put  
The house to rights when supper's through an' all.

Well next day at Cy Johnson's barber shop,  
Cy and his man wuz laughin' 'bout the thing,  
An' 'lowed they'd call Sam "Spooney Pickle" when  
He come some day, an' in he comes right then!  
Cy's man an' him both hollered out at wunst,  
"Hello, Spooney Pickle Sam!" That wuz all!  
Sam took Cy's man a lick square in the eye  
An' sent him spinnin' at Cy's feet, then kicked  
Him out the road, and knocked Cy 'ginst the wall,  
An' jist took turns a-punchin' up their mugs;  
Till when he left they couldn't see to trim  
A feller's whiskers for a week; an' none  
Has dared to call Sam that 'air nickname sence.

## WHERE I LIKE TO GO.

I'll tell you where I like to go,  
It's out to Grandma's 'cause you know,  
She's ist the bestest in the biz;  
An' where she lives the jam-pot is.  
My little brother's name, it's Roy,  
An' he's the funniest kind o' boy!  
An' he likes jam as well as me,  
An' he found where 'at jam-pot be,  
He climbed wite in the cupboard, too,  
An' et ist like a monkey do.  
When Grandma found him he wuz red  
Wiv jam from toe to head.  
An' Grandma looked surprised, she did;  
Guess she ain't seen no sich a kid;  
But nen she laughs ist fit to kill,  
An' ever'thing wuz all right till  
Our Ma she seen what hed been done,  
Nen she wuz goin' to spoil the fun;  
But Grandma says, "Leave this to me;"  
She washed an' changed him nen, an' gee!  
She give us boff some bread an' jam.  
I'm goin' back some day I am;  
She's bestest Grandma in the biz,  
An' where she lives the jam-pot is.

## SAMMY AND LEE.

Two boys climbed down in an old pump-hole,  
    Sammy and Lee;  
They had looked around and there wasn't a soul  
    In sight to see;  
And they splashed and splashed in the water there,  
Was mud on their clothes and mud in their hair,  
But they had a good time and they didn't care,  
    Sammy and Lee.

Then their Mother came out to find her boys,  
    Sammy and Lee;  
And she heard the giggling, splashing noise  
    That told their glee,  
And looked in the hole with an awful frown,  
Then said, "Now get up as you got down!"  
And they thought they could climb just like a clown,  
    Sammy and Lee.

But the top was too high for them to reach,  
    Sammy and Lee;  
They couldn't climb out, so they set up the screech,  
    And cried, oh gee!  
Then their Mother came back and they promised sure  
That they wouldn't get down there any more,  
And she pulled them up where they were before,  
    Sammy and Lee.

TO A DILATORY CORRESPONDENT.

If I were in my coffin dead,  
And friends passed by with easy tread,  
And you should write me as you said,

As you said;  
Although the undertaker did  
Screw down with bolts the oaken lid,  
I think I'd rise,  
I think I'd rise  
With dead surprise.

If in the grave my body lay  
Beneath six feet of heavy clay,  
And worms were feeding every day,  
Every day;  
And there should come for me from you  
A letter then I tell you true

I think I'd rise,  
I think I'd rise  
With dead surprise.

## MY BROTHER JOHN.

My big brother's name is John,  
An' him and me has mostest fun;  
He maked a Martin house for me,  
And nailed it way up in a tree.

An' Martins come to live in it,  
But these here Sparr's teased an' fit  
Until the Martins flew away  
To find a peaceful place to stay.

An' that 'air house all summer through  
Was lonesome lookin' like to view;  
But last there come an awful storm,  
An' blowed it down one August morn.

An' b'lieve me, fellers, if you please,  
The thing was chock up full o' bees!  
Jist then a pig come rootin' round,  
I guess he don't know what he found!

A bee it stinged him on the snoot,  
An' Mr. Pig agun to root;  
An' 'nother took 'im on the ear;  
He shook his head an' looked as queer;

An' 'nother popped his hind leg one,  
An' nen he bounce right up an' run;  
An' I ist rolled and laft—oh, my!  
Until I purt near had to cry!

An' I says, "Now when John comes in,  
I'll have him put that up agin,  
An' never tell him 'bout the bees;"  
An' so I asked him and said, "Please."

An' he got nails an' hammer too,  
An' I stood off to see 'im through!  
He picked the house right up you know,  
But purty soon he let it go.

An' yelled an' slapped his-self like mad,  
An' I run in to find my Dad;  
Nen John come in a-stormin' too,  
An' said he'd lick me, what he'd do!

But Dad tole him the rule to keep  
Was, "Allus look afore you leap."  
My big Brother's name is John,  
An' him an' me has mostest fun.

### WOOING.

The Honey-suckle richly sweet  
Confers no scent for fashion,  
To tempt the buzzing bee to eat  
Doth satisfy her passion.

The butter-fly in beauty clad  
That flutters o'er the flower  
Is not so gay because she's glad—  
Her mate is one the bower.

The lady with her form so fine  
And dress, is also wooing;  
If man is near you can divine  
There's purpose in her doing.

## SPRINGFIELD.

O Springfield, business Springfield,  
With railroads well supplied,  
With grainfields rich and wide,  
With good on every side,  
What now retards thy tide?  
Why dost thou move so slow?  
Thy fact'ries rarely grow,  
And commerce mopes along  
Much like a funeral song;  
Except in shops of hell  
Where souls and liquor sell,  
Where red-nosed grafters reign  
And gobble up the gain.

Why fill this dev'lish vulture's craw  
While he contemns thy written law,  
And vomits forth his puke and sin  
For thee to live and labor in?  
Awake to economic sense!  
This useless business is expense.

O Springfield, wicked Springfield,  
Reputed through our state  
As place with scarce a mate  
For dens of vice so great  
Where crimes accumulate!  
Thy officers but break  
The oaths they have to take;  
They wink at sin and shame  
Of every sort and name;  
The laws our state has made  
With thee are disobeyed,  
And on God's holy day  
Saloons are run full sway.  
Thy blind pigs fatter grow  
As plenty people know;  
And shows so vile and base  
Within thy midst have place  
That only Lust can look;  
But all this dost thou brook  
While young are led astray,

And harlots have their way,  
And thugs and gamblers lurk  
About to do their work.  
The robbers on thy street,  
The murdered at thy feet,  
And many crimes untold  
Make thee like Sodom old.

Do not endure her fate; arise  
Ere all the toughs of Illinois  
Shall choose thee for their home,  
And from reforming cities come  
To curse and blight and damn thy hope;  
Pray do not further hellward grope.

O Springfield, hopeful Springfield,  
Upon the prairie's breast,  
Of Heaven freely blest,  
By Nature queenly dressed,  
Of much that's good possessed,  
Thou home of Lincoln great,  
With splendid halls of state,  
With schools and churches too,  
And homes both good and true,  
And men and women just  
Who fight 'gainst crime and lust;  
In thee God's right is sown,  
But not yet fully grown.

We pray for thy prosperity,  
We ever work and hope for thee;  
Oh wilt thou see the curse of sin,  
And know that nought but right will win?  
Then shalt thou grow both rich and great,  
And be the jewel of our state.

1914.

"WE THE PEOPLE."

"We the people," what are we?  
Humble heirs of ancestry  
Bred of mingled racial blood,  
Born of evil and of good,  
Trained by Freedom's faithful hand,  
Taught to love our native land;  
"We the people," we are one—  
Greatest power beneath the sun.

"We the people," what have we?  
Nature's rarest treasury,  
Mines of silver and of gold,  
All the best thing earth can hold,  
Fields of fertile soil for grain,  
Grass for grazing on the plain,  
Forests, lakes, and mighty streams,  
Yes, we have the land of dreams.

"We the people," what do we?  
Why, we make the powers that be:  
Authors, artists, men of state,  
The ignoble and the great;  
No man ever held a place  
But he won it by our grace;  
"Free and equal" is our theme,  
"We the people" rule supreme.

## AS TO LYING.

Is it ever right to lie?  
"Yes," is but the coward's cry  
Who is caught and cannot fly.  
Dare be true:  
Falsehood is both weak and wrong;  
Truth is noble, brave, and strong;  
Dare be true.

Some will conjure up a plight  
Where to shield a man they might  
Falsify, and call it right:  
Can you think  
Christ would ever be untrue  
Just to pull some mortal through?  
Can you think?

If you hear a man declare  
Lies are sometimes right and fair,  
Let me ask you on the square,  
Can you tell  
When he will be true or false  
To yourself or some one else?  
Can you tell?

If a lie be once proved good,  
Any crime in moral code  
May prove right by that same mode:  
Is there not  
Known to man a standard just  
Firmly facing lie and lust?  
Is there not?

Yes, God reigns in earth and sky,  
And demands, "Ye shall not lie;"  
Truth will judge us by and by;  
Dare be true.  
Falsehood is the cloak of knave,  
Truth the armor of the brave;  
Dare be true.

## THE PREACHER.

The preacher is the man  
Who poaches on his neighbor;  
He has an easy plan  
Without a bit of labor;  
And sits around the house,  
Or maybe goes a-fishing,  
As lazy as a louse,  
And all the time a-wishing  
For what he hasn't got  
Because he doesn't hustle—  
He'd have it like as not,  
If he'd get out and rustle.

But he has willed to stay  
And hear men's joy and sorrow;  
To marry them today  
And bury them tomorrow;  
To help the down-and-out  
That other folks are kicking,  
And run around about  
To keep the Christian sticking;  
To try to right the wrong  
That evil tongues are doing  
By singing love's sweet song  
When factions are a-brewing;  
To fight for civic good  
Against old Lust and Profit,  
And take the pay he should  
When all the high-brows scoff it;  
To wield the Gospel sword  
Each sinful soul to conquer,  
And never say a word  
To hurt the guilty honker;  
From hand to mouth to live,  
And wait, and wait for money;  
No home—to die—forgive;  
But some folks think it's funny.

### A BABY.

A little life, a floweret sweet,  
God gave into our care;  
But Death has plucked it from our midst  
To bloom with Christ the Fair.

A little life, a priceless gem,  
Our God bestowed in love;  
But Death has snatched the jewel rare  
That it may shine above.

A little life, a sunbeam bright,  
God gave to guide us home;  
And from the land of deathless joy  
It beckons us to come.

### PROPORTIONS.

All sunshine makes the desert,  
All water makes the sea;  
All gold would starve King Midas  
More soon than poverty.

All earth would exclude Heaven,  
All Heaven alone were vain;  
All joy we do not merit,  
We do not wish all pain.

All good we cannot corner,  
All bad we cannot bear;  
But we should thank our Maker  
When we have just our share.

TO THE "POET OF THE SANGAMON."

Mr. Nich'las Vachel Lindsay,  
Fitting name for poet star;  
Writing this I am to tell you  
'Tis exactly what you are.

Writers nowadays are many  
Varied too in style and theme;  
Most are passionists or funny—  
Few are for the things supreme.

Few have caught the sound of music  
Wafted from the harp of hearts;  
Few are painting scenes eternal,  
Finest of the finer arts;

Few are brave and true reformers;  
Most of them should be reformed;  
Many could not hold a fortress,  
Even though it had been stormed.

But your poems, sir, are dif'rent;  
Filled are they with love for men;  
Some are fiery arrows flying  
Into Satan's slimy den.

Some are breathing richest music,  
Melody to move the soul;  
And like sign-posts all are pointing  
To a high and holy goal.

Write and write and keep on writing  
Messages that will inspire,  
And as you lift up your brethren  
God will lift you higher, higher.

ON "LYRICS OF WAR AND PEACE,"  
BY WM. DUDLEY FOULKE.

Here you have made a coronet  
With diction's rarest jewels set:

The diamonds divinely bright  
Halo the lives of greatest light;

And pearls adorn the maidens fair  
And nature's beauties everywhere;

The sapphires gleam to tell of good  
And truth and peace and brotherhood,

While rubies bleed of sympathy  
For war-maimed men across the sea;

And emeralds, the ever-green,  
Foretell an endless life, serene.

Thanks for the crown; 'tis sure to bless  
Each mortal brow that it shall press.

## THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Sweet summer's velvet robe of verdant hue,  
Designed and scented by the fairest flowers,  
Fell o'er the mountain's rugged sides, and beams  
Of golden glory kissed its folds to bless  
The path of Jesus and disciples three  
Who sought the quietude for private prayer.

The place attained at length, a temple true,  
By Nature built and carpeted with grass,  
Was walled with rocks and shrubs, and overarched  
By bright ethereal dome. Here Jesus stood  
And prayed; and Peter, man of rock, and James  
And John, the thunder's sons, nearby beheld.  
And as He prayed His face outshone the sun;  
His garments glistened with the whitest light;  
His deity transfigured flesh and blood,  
And holy splendor thrilled the witnesses.  
That prayer the angel hosts bowed down to hear;  
And God threw ope the gates of pearl, and sent  
His prophets, Moses and Elijah, down.  
They came in brightness clad, but pale were they  
Beside the Nazarene, and rev'rently  
They talked with Him of His decease so soon  
To be accomplished. Peter then recalled  
What Jesus said, and his rebuke, and awe  
And love of glory overcame his soul.  
Unstudied he proposed, "Lord it is good  
To be up here; thou willing let us build  
Three tabernacles and remain." Then stood  
The bright Shechinah cloud just over them;  
For fear they hid their faces on the ground,  
And God's own voice from out the cloud replied:  
"This is my Son in whom I am well pleased;  
Hear Him." And when they lifted up their eyes,  
The prophets gone, they saw but Jesus there,  
Whom Heaven glorified, and prophets blessed,  
And God proclaimed His Son that all should hear,  
And having heard, obtain eternal life.

## MY PRAYER.

Father, forgive thine erring one;  
Forgive my evil, said or done;  
Forgive my failures to do good;  
Forgive my hurt of those I should  
Uplift and cheer along life's rugged way.

Dear Lord, increase my love for Thee;  
Increase my love for man; give me  
Increase of zeal and motives pure;  
Increase my strength; help me endure  
To save lost souls, through Jesus Christ.  
Amen.



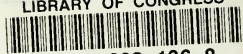








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